A VISITOR FROM KENTUCKY. (Copyright, 1896, by the Bacheller Syndiste.)

PART I.

There was a stir in Wilkesburg when the Pearsons arrived from New York. Wilkesburg was a small town on a branch railroad in the hilly region of Kentucky, and time was never a very important commodity there. The people grew to be very large and lived to be very old. The representative of their district in Congress was the greatest man they knew, though they heard much of New York, and their notions of it were vague. These dim impressions they derived chiefly from the county newspaper, that fearless and vigorous opponent of the trusts and monopolists, of which New York was the home, it is said, and from their Congressman, who delivered valiant and terrible blows at the plutocrats of the east when he spoke in the little court house square at Wilkesburg.

So, without any direct attempt at an analysis of their feelings, they thought of New York as a great but distant shadow, a place where most of the people were entirely given over to unholy greed and to all phases of wickedness. The idea was firmly imbedded in the minds of every man and weman in Wilkesburg that Wilkesburg and the thousands of other little places like it scattered between the Atlantic and the Pacific were the true salvation of the coun racine were the true salvation in a muddy sea. But the one name that conjured up horrors for them was Wall street. It was the abode of burnt-in sin, a kind of witch's spot in were brewed all the evil against the peace and welfare of the honest rural population. They were convinced that New York was rich and magnificent at their expense, and the subject was often discussed, though not in a very bitter way, but as a thing that it seemed must be, at the regular Saturday afternoon half holi-day when the men gathered around the

stove in the general store.

But their indefinable feeling of hostility toward New York did not blunt their appreciation of Jim Pearson. Jim was one of themselves, a venturous Kentucklan who had gone to New York twenty years before, and had shown that he was as good and as smart as the best of the Yan-kees themselves. At intervals in those long twenty years reports of Jim's success would come back. No one else in Wilkesburg or the surrounding country had ever gone as far as New York, and at the caucuses around the stove expressions of admiration of Jim's daring were given with warmth and without reserve. It was a matter of personal pride to every one that a Kentuckian and a native of their own Wilkesburg should invade New York and do so They heard that Jim had married in New York a few years after his arrival there, and they wondered how many chil-Gren he had and what he intended to make of them. They did not suppose he would ever condescend to visit Kentucky again. But when Tom Crockett, who was Jim's first cousin on his mother's side, received a letter from Jim saying that Jim and his wife were coming to pay him a visit, the news was known all over Wilkesburg in less than three hours. Mr. Crockett was a bachelor, but he kept house, or, rather, an able colored woman kept it for him, in a low but roomy old place that his grandfather, who was one of the first settlers, had built. Mr. Crockett was somewhat "flustrated," as he described it, at the unexpected honor, but the ties of kinship and hospitality are very strong in Kentucky. The Kentuckian of the true blood would rather be a host than a guest, in that he may do for the others, and Mr. Crockett was delighted. There was a mighty bustle in his house, and it was soon a victor in a distant clime, was returning after many years to visit his birthplace and the friends of his youth. At least, that was the way it was put by Jeremiah Brooks, who taught the public school and

had poetical ideas. circle around the stove had a new northern and southern troops in the civil war were retired temporarily in the presence of Jim Pearson. There were many opinions as to the effect of New York upon Jim. Young Sol Haselrigg, who "reckoned that Mr. would be stuck up" and would think him-self too good for the Wilkesburg people. As for himself, young Mr. Haselrigg declared he would not take airs from any man, even if he did live in New York. But Mr. Crockett, who was a chivalric man, stood up stoutly for Cousin Jim. He re-membered him well. He was a "right peart" how but he was genuine Kentucky stock, and ne didn't think New York would

corrupt him. Mr. Pearson and his wife arrived one sun shiny Saturday morning, and Mr. Crockett was at the train to meet them. He recognized Cousin Jim at once, despite York clothes and the twenty years that had passed. Mr. and Mrs. Pearson were in traveling garb, and Wilkesburg did not have much chance to pass judgment on them just then, for Mr. Crockett bore them off hastily to his house. He "reckoned they might be right smart tired, having come such a long journey, and he guessed a good snack and a rest would pearten 'em

up a Reap."
Mr. Crockett was much worried because they did not bring the children along, as he wanted to have the whole family with him, but Cousin Jim explained that he disliked to impose or good nature, and he nad left the boys—he had only two children, and they were both boys—at home with friends. The Pearsons reappeared the next day at the Methodist Church with Mr. Crockett. and were subjected to a mitute examina-tion by the whole population of Wilkes-burg. It was decided after services that their clothes were of very advanced type and were the acme of fashion. Young My Haselrigg himself was convinced of for he noted with great care ever detail of Mr. Pearson's attire. The verdict upor the manners was reserved for further acquaintance, as that was not a matter upon which Wilkesburg would pass lightly and without mature knowledge. There



Mr. Crockett Was at the Train to Meet Them.

were many who thought that the Pearsons would be "stuck up," but if the evidence indicated to the contrary they were quite willing to che nge their opinions. Mr. Crockett was over at the store on Monday mcrning, and he told the half

Gozen people who were gossiping there that Cousin Jim and his wife were all right. They had New York ways, it was true, but They had New York ways, it was true, but he guessed they couldn't help that, as Cousin Jim had lived in the big city twenty years, and Mrs. Pearson had lived there all her life. "But they were taking right kindly to Wilkesburg, and weren't trying to behave topliftical." This announcement created a distinct feeling in favor of the Pearsons, for Mr. Crockett was a man of substance and standing in Wilkesburg and substance and standing in Wilkesburg, and what he said was to be received with re-spect and belief.

The Pearsons themselves in their own

proper persons soon became better known to Wilkesburg, and were received with considerable favor. They were rather fond of talking about the greatness of New York, and Cousin Jim showed how he had expanded, but Wilkesburg folks didn't mind that. Cousin Jim was one of them, and they were glad to hear of his achievoment in the metropolis. He was admitted to the Saturday afternoon circle in the store on terms of amity and equality. It was soon discovered there that he had very little knowledge of politics, and the least expert among them could "corner him in an argyfication." But as they knew he had been engrossed for mere than twenty years

in important business affairs they did not lay this up against him. In fact, they were rather glad of it, for while they were willing to confess that Mr. Pearson had beaten them badly in the race for wealth, there was consolation in knowing that they were better politicians than he, for in Wilkesburg religion alone takes precedence of politics, and every man is a red-hot

After Wilkesburg had decided that the Pearsons were not "stuck up" despite their worldly prosperity and the fashionable cut of their clothes, the people saw that the visitors had a good time, in so far as the resources of the village went. Mr. Crockett, of course, was especially careful to administer to the wants and pleasures of his guests. He always remembered that Cousin Jim was Kentucky born and would expelled in Willestein and would overlook in Wilkesburg the absence of the luxuries and splendors to which he was accustomed in New York. When the time came for them to return to New York he was sincerely sorry, but he knew the busy season was coming on and Jim's presence in the great store there was necessary. So he reluctantly assisted them in the preparations for their departure, urging them many times to come and see him and Wilkesburg again.

"We want you to visit us in New York," said Cousin Jim, "but I don't suppose you'll ever be traveling that far. To you it would look like going to the end of the world, wouldn't It?":

"I reckon it would," said Mr. Crockett. "New York's been gettin' along without me for a long time, an' I guess it'll have to keep on doin' it.'

Mr. Pearson laughed. Then they shook hands with Mr. Crockett and his friends and were off for New York, leaving Wilkesburg to discuss their sayings and doings for many months. Mr. Crockett was proud of the impression that Mr. Pearson and his

There was an unexpected and heavy advance the following autumn in the price of White Burley tobacco on the Louisville market. Mr. Crockett was an expert raiser of White Burley, and that season it had been his luck to put in an unusually large crop. When winter came and his tobacco was sold he found that he had a very pretty sum of money to his credit in the bank. It was so much that he felt rich and able to take a holiday. There would be very little work to do until spring about the farm, which was in trim and tidy fix, and when he gave the matter further thought he was unable to see any good reason why he should not indulge his inclination.

Although he soon decided the first point Mr. Crockett was in a state of perplexity for some time over other points, equally important. Where and how should he take his holiday? Such a thing as a set holiday had no part in the life of the five hundred people who constituted the population of Wilkesburg, and the only organized amusement ever known in the village was the debating society which met every Fri-day in the cold season, in the school house, and tried very earnestly to decide whether the Indian had suffered more wrongs than the negro, or whether war or whisky had done the greater injury to man. He might go hunting but there was no novelty in that, and, besides, the game was becom-ing very scarce in the region around

Wilkesburg.

The right idea came to him one evening when he was locking the barn door after two days of doubt and indecision. topic. The silver question, the chances of the next presidency and the relative bravsons. Such a thing as going to New York had never occurred to him before. New Yerk was so far away, and although it must be real he had never persuaded him-

self that it was. Yet now that he thought of it there seem was clerk in the store and had aspirations ed to be nothing impossible in the idea. He Pearson had plenty of money in the bank and no ink himshould spend it. There was no reason why There was much surprise in Wilkesburg when it became known that Mr.



The Least Expert Among Them Could

"Corner him in an argyfication." been expected of him, and most of the people doubted his prudence. They argued that Mr. and Mrs. Pearson in Wilkesburg would come down to the Wilkesburg level, but in New York they would stay on the New York level, to which Mr. Crockett could not aspire. Consequently his feelings would get hurt. They gave him much good advice. But, though he trembled a little at his own audacity in going so far, Mr. Crock-ett refused to change his mind. In order to provide against any possible interference he wrote immediately to Cousin Jim that he was coming, and the next day followed

As he boarded the train the friendly station agent advised him to hold his chin mighty high or he would make his New York kinfolks asbamed of him and Wilkes-burg. But Mr. Crockett told him not to be scared, that Cousin Jim was not stuck up and "would take his Kentucky ways kinder easy.

PART II.

The journey to Louisville was a trifling matter. Mr. Crockett had made it more than once before, and he knew what to do. But when he changed cars there and took a through train for New York, he began to Icse some of the high confidence with which he had left Wilkesburg. This was which he had left wilkesburg. This was the first time he had seen the interior of a sleeping car, and when the porter prepared his berth he approached it with fear and hesitation. At home he was considered a tall man in a tall community, and when sleep found him long after midnight, he lay with his knees against the top of his berth.

Mr. Crockett triumphed over all the difficulties of the journey, but when he left the train at Jersey City and found Cousin Jim waiting for him, his New York relative was as welcome as the sight of water in a thirsty land.

"I just received your letter this mornprise. I never thought you'd come this prise. I never thought you'd come this far. I would have telegraphed you, but it was too late, as I knew you were already on the way. So I told Mary to make ready for you while I came over to meet you."

"Oh, 'twasn't worth while to spend money on the telegraph company, I manimoney on the telegraph company I manimoney on the telegraph company. I manimoney on the telegraph company I manimoney on the telegraph company I manimoney on the telegraph company I manimoney on the telegraph company. I manimoney on the telegraph company I manimoney on the telegraph company I manimoney on the telegraph company I manimoney on the telegraph company. I manimoney on the telegraph company I manimoney on the way on the was surprised to attack the food. But he was surprised to attack the food. But he was surprised to the total this counter and I'm looking after it myself today. I think you had better walk around the store and trouble with salesmen at this counter and I'm looking after it myself today. I think you had better walk around the store and trouble with salesmen at this counter and I'm looking after it myself today. I think you had better walk around the store and trouble with salesmen at this counter and I'm looking after it myself today. I think you had better walk around the store and I'm looking after it myself today. I think you had better walk ar ing," said Cousin Jim, "It was a big sur-prise. I never thought you'd come this aged the trip all right," said Mr. Crockett, heartily, "I knew you'd be powerful glad to see me, 'cause I recollest how pressin' you was for me to pay back that visit you made me, How's Mary and the boys?"

"Oh, they're very well," said Cousin Jim, "You 'pear to be a little peaked yourself," said Mr. Crockett, looking critically at his companion. Cousin Jim was a thin and

rather small man, with nervous and uncertain manners. There was no color in his cheeks, and his flesh looked tlabby. Mr. Crockett could have crushed him in one hand. But he was all brain, Mr. Crockett had explained on the occasion of his visit to Wilkesburg. It was these thin, nervous little men who did great things. Jay Gould had been a thin, little man. Mr. Pearson wore black clothes somewhat faded. wore black clothes somewhat faded.
"I'm glad to see you're not puttin' on style an' takin' the shine out of me," said

Mr. Crockett.

"Oh, no," said Cousin Jim, with a little smile; "I'm not much of a follower of the fashions here in New York. I like to be plain, and I stick to my working clothes plain, and I stick to my working ciotnes here."

"You do credit to your Kentucky raisin', Cousin Jim," said Mr. Crockett, "and, besides, people in big business don't have much time to bother with fashions, I guess, 'less they're on a holiday."

Mr. Crockett's train had arrived in the picht, and the trip on the farmy over the

tomorrow when I've played around on the grass awhile with the children I'll go down to the store and see how you boss things."
"We have no yard," said Cousin Jim with
some haste. "This is New York, you know.
It's not like Kentucky. Even the Vanderbilts and Astors don't have yards."

Mr. C'rockett was taken aback somewhat Mr. Crockett was taken aback somewhat. Land must be mighty dear in New York, he said. When they reached the New York s'de they walked to the elevated road and entered a train that carried them several

miles uptown.

Leaving the train they turned into a street which Mr. Crockett thought the great city of New York ought to light bet-

"You mustn't expect much of us," said

Cousin Jim, deprecatingly. "We don't go in for any great style. You know I'm only a plain man from Kentucky, and Mary looks at things just as I do." "That's right! That's right!" said Mr. Crockett, with great heartiness. "A man oughtn't to be better'n his raisin', no matoughth to be bettern his raisin, no matter how well he gets along. New York hasn't spoiled you, Cousin Jim, an' I'm mighty glad to see that it hasn't."

They came to a large building with a plain brick front. Some ill-kept children were playing in the great and one of them were playing in the street and one of them raised the cry: "Country! Country!" when the long-legged Kentuckian, towering more than a head above Cousin Jim, stalked up. But Mr. Crockett did not know that the cry was aimed at him, and his peace of mind was not disturbed.

Mr. Pearson stepped into the doorway. There were rows of tin tubes on either side of the narrow entrance. He pressed some thing fixed in a brass plate under one of the tubes. Mr. Crockett watched him with great curiosity, but the experience he had acquired on his journey, added to his native shrewdness, made him too cautious to ask questions. Nevertheless he was surprised when the door flew open, and he came very near to making some comment. But he restrained himself and followed Cousin Jim inside.

Mr. Pearson led the way up a narrow

staircase. There was no carpet on the steps, and a close, heavy odor, as of air that had been breathed more than once, filled the hall. A lamp glimmered feebly at a turning in the staircase.



of Them Raised the

"Country! Country!" "Cousin Jim is a little more savin' than reckoned he was," thought Mr. Crockett, 'but it's just as well, I'm a keerful man myself. They climbed up and up, and it seemed to Mr. Crockett that they would never come to the end of those steps. He was a nuscular man and could have thrown Cousin Jim over his shoulder and carried

him a quarter of a mile without feeling any overwhelming exhaustion, but he was not accustomed to climbing steps.
"You live pretty high up, 'pears to me,
Cousin Jim," he risked at last. "Yes," said Mr. Pearson, with a faint nile; "it's healthier, you know. The nigher you go the better the air." Mr. Crockett had not thought of that. But the end of those steps came at last and they knocked at a door five flights

from the ground. They were welcomed by Mrs. Pearson, a small woman, who was pallid and flabby like her husband. Mr. Crockett was a gallant man and he did not forget the ties of kinship. He opened his arms and gave Mrs. Pearson a hearty embrace. Then he kissed her on the cheek. A little color came into her pale face.

Powerful glad to see you, Cousin Mary," said Mr. Crockett, "and it perked me up mightily to see Cousin Jim, too, standin' there on the platform when the train came up. I'd a had a pesky hard time findin' you all by myself in this great city. Now don't you tucker yourself out foolin' with my valise and overcoat. Just let your servant take 'em and throw 'em into the anywheres.' "The fact is," said Mr. Pearson, "our

servants left us yesterday and we haven't been able to get others that suited us yet. Haven't you read in the papers about the trouble we have in the cities with servants?

Always dissatisfied, always striking.

There's no getting along with them. I really believe it's easier sometimes to let them go entirely and do one's own work."
"That's so! That's so!" assented Ar.
Crockett, cheerfully. "I wouldn't have
no slouchin' servants foolin' around me. I like doin' my own work, but it might be different with Cousin Mary. She don't 'Oh, yes, I am strong," said Cousin Mary.

"My looks deceive you."
In proof of her words she snatched up the valise and overcoat and disappeared them down a dark and pinched little Mr. Crockett was taken presently into the front room, where he struck twice against chairs and once against the wail. An oil lamp stood on the dresser, and sin Jim apologized for the dimness of

its light. "It's bad, I know," he said, "but the gas company is such a robber. Every month they'll send in a bill for two or three times the amount of gas you really use. so much the money we mind, but it's the principle of the thing. That's the reason we had our meter taken out. It's the only way you can fight these grasping corpora

way you can night these grasping corpora-tions. Lots of millionaires on 5th avenue have done the same thing."

Mr. Crockett admired Cousin Jim's stand for principle. He had a great horror of all corporations, which he was convinced were ruining the country, and he was heart and soul with Cousin Jim in his fight against the gas company. But this did not drive away the sense of physical uneasiness which had seized him when he entered the room. He did not know where to put him-self. The chairs seemed too small for his bulky frame, and he was afraid that if he stretched out his legs they would reach from one wall to the other. Mr. Crockett was accustomed to wide areas, and he felt

suffocated. Mrs. Pearson spread a white cloth on a small table and brought in some coffee and

Mr. Crockett turned to the meat and coffee again with a relieved conscience. He was surprised to find how extremely hungry he was. He was a very large man and required plants of feed will a ster the offer the ster the s required plenty of food. Slice after slice of the meat and the bread and butter disap-peared and Manual Control of the contro peared, and Mr. Crockett became con-scious, presently, that cousin Mary was watching him with heen, apprehensive eyes. He reached the that slice of meat and wondered why Cousin Mary did not bring more. But she made no movement. Mr. Crockett was sorely tempted to eat that one remaining slice, but he had been taught in Kentucky that it was not good manners to take the last plece of food from the plate, and so, after truggle, he let it alone. When he pushed his chair back, and while Cousin Mary was purriedly taking the things away, he inquired about the boys.

boys.
"They're asleep now," aid Cousin Jim.
"They have to rise always very early in the morning, and I make the go to bed soon

river was one of interest and delight. Before him, sparkling with many lights, lay the great city, long and narrow, like a gleaming sword blade thrust out into the sea. Mr. Crockett was glad that he had come to New York.

"I hope Cousin Mary hasn't put herself out for me," he said. "Tain't worth while to make any fuss and bustle over me. Just let a servant fix a bed for me tonight, and tomorrow when I've played around on the grass are bits of the servant of the serva This is a workaday age. Boys can study books so much that they become unfit for real life; so I have put mine to work. I want to give them a training that will make them keen, hard-headed business

> There was sense in that, Mr. Crockett said, and nobody ought to know better than Cousin Jim. Still, it seemed a pity to make boys fend for themselves when so young. But, as Cousin Jim stood up stout-ly for his theory, and Cousin Mary supported him in it, he did not press the Ie said he was sorry he couldn't see the boys until morning, but he reckoned he

men.'



When I lie down, shall I stick my head or my feet out of the window! oughtn't to disturb them. As it was late and he was tired, he hinted that he would like to go to bed also.

Cousin Jim took him to his bed room,

and, setting a lamp on the little dresser, left him. Mr. Crockett looked at the room and the bed, and then cogitated deeply. "When I lie down, shall I stick my head or my feet out of the window?" was the question. While giving it time to turn itself over in his mind he looked out at the interminable roofs and concluded once again that land must be mighty dear in

PART III. Mr. Crockett was awakened early in the morning by a rasping of ropes and jangling of bells. He thought at first it was a fire, and leaped from the bed in alarm, striking his head against a projecting corner of the wall. But he soon decided that it was no fire. He could hear voices as if some one were shouting up a long chimney. The voices were distinct enough for him to understand many of the words that were

and entreaty. Mr. Crockert dil not catch the end of the discussion. Mr. Crockett did not steep any more, and was called to breakfast an hour later. The boys were there, small and sharp-faced like their parents. Mr. Crockett greeted them with affection, for he was a warm-hearted man, but he could not say that he took to them very much. They seemed too old for their years. Jim ought to have let them stay at school longer. There was them stay at school longer. There was such a thing as crowding a boy too much. The breakfast consisted of coffee, bread and butter, and some thin slices of bacon. "We've grown out of that old Kentucky way of eating a big meal at breakfast," said Cousin Jim. "It's a very had habit. Awful on the digestion. The Europeans. who know much more about the art of eating than we do, have only bread and

butter and coffee or tea at breakfast. You country people suffer terribly from dyspensia, and it's all caused by overeating." Mr. Crockett admitted that Cousin Jim might be right. Nevertheless, he was very hungry when the breakfast was over. The boys slid away so quietly that he did not notice their absence until they had been gone several minutes.
"I s'pose you have 'em in the business

with you, so they can take charge of it when you feel like retirin'," hazarded Mr. Crockett.

Cousin Jim did not deny the correctness of his supposition. The breakfast being fibished, it was suggested that Mr. Crock-ett go down to Central Park and spend the morning there. His host and hostess were sorry they could not go with him, but one was compelled to look after the business, and the latter, owing to the tem-porary lack of servants, could not neglect her household duties. But Mr. Crockett demurred. Central Park could wait. He believed he would go down with Cousin Jim and see how a big dry goods store was

run. Cousin Jim, with rather more vigor than he had shown at any time before, sought to get this notion cut of Mr. Crockett's Business was such a commonplace thing, he said, that a mere looker-on was bound to be bored. But Mr. Crockett did not think so. He could see grass and trees every day in Kentucky as good as any they had in Central Park, and the dry goods store would interest him much more. He was not to be dissuaded.

They went down together on the elevated road and entered the big dry goods store in the heart of the shopping district, just as the clerks were gathering for their work. Back in the rear of the great room Mr. Crockett could see the high brass railing that surrounded the offices. But Cous-in Jim did not go back there. He hung hit hat in a niche and stationed himself like a soldier beside a table that stood in front of shelves loaded with rolls of cloth. "Don't you go back every mornin' to see



The Large Man Tapped Him

Jim shook his head.

"We ate dinner," he said, with the same faint little smile, "before I went down to the train to meet you. We ate so heartly that we really have no appetite now for anything more."

Mrs. Pearson nodded assent.

Mr. Crockett took his advice and strolled up and down the aisles, wondering if New York had enough people to buy all the goods in that big building. There were many girls behind the counters, and Mr. Crockett spoke gallantly to one of them, saying that he hoped that Cousin Jim treated her well in the store.

"Cousin Jim," she asked, in surprise. "Who is that?"
"Why, Mr. Pearson; don't you see him over there?"

"Oh, yes, he treats me all right," said the girl dryly. "We clerks don't complain of



Why did you not sell her some goods?"

as Mr. Crockett, but much more pom-pous, approached him. He displayed so much expanse of shirt bosom, and carried himself with so much haughtiness, that Mr. Crockett concluded this must be the

senior partner at least.
The large man tapped him on the shoulder and asked him if he wanted to buy anything. Mr. Crockett explained that he was a relative of Mr. Pearson, and had come to see how he managed the establish-ment. "Oh!" said the man, giving a rising inflection to the word. But he walked on, and presently when he passed Cousin Jim he said something to him that made

his face flush again.

The store soon filled with customers, and there was such a great hurly burly that it made Mr. Crockett's head swim. He became tangled up two or three times in crowds of customers and clerks, and it seemed to him that he got in the way of everybody. He wanted air, but he would not leave the store, for the sight was interesting to him. Shrill voiced little boys and girls shricked "Cash! Cash!" until his ears rang, and as one of the boys dashed past him he caught a glimpse of the face of Cousin Jim's eldest son.

After awhile he wandered back toward the counter at which he had left Cousin Jim and found him still there. But Cousin Jim was so busy that Mr. Crockett would not disturb him just then. A woman was sitting on the stool in front of the counter and Cousin Jim was showing her the rolls of cloth. He had almost covered the counter with them, but she insisted on seeing more. He dragged them down from the shelves for her until the heap rose so high that orly his head showed behind it. But still she was not satisfied, and she spoke very sharply to Cousin Jim, decrying the quality of his goods and asking him why wondered how Cousin Jim stood it so patiently, and was rather proud of his for-

The woman looked at the goods some time onger, but she took nothing, and, expressing her dissatisfaction in blunt terms, rose up and left. Mr. Crockett was about to ask Cousin Jim if all the women in New York were like that, but he saw the large man with expansive shirt bosom approaching and he held back.
"Why did you not sell her some goods?"

asked the large man, angrily, of Cousin Jim. "You should never let any one who comes to your counter go away without making a purchase."

"But we did not have anything that she wanted," said Cousin Jim, deprecatingly.

"Then you should have sold her something that she didn't want," said the man,

with increasing temper.

He said other things in a lower tone that Mr. Crockett didn't catch, and when he turned away Cousin Jim's countenance was

very downcast. Mr. Crockett watched him for a moment or two and then drew near.
"I heard what that man said to you," ing up any more meat tinless the last menth's bill was settled; and then a different voice was heard in expostulation and entrenty. Mr. ("more all last and the said. "Down in my part of Kentucky if a man talked to me that way I'd draw and entrenty. Mr. ("more all last and and then are the mean said to you." And Mr. Crockett's hand fell significant ly on his hip pocket.
"But this is in New York," said Cousin

Jim, sadly, "and you can't shoot everybody who treats you badly." Mr. Crockett made no further remark. He left the store presently and spent the remainder of the day strolling along Broadway. He had intended to make a week's visit, but he stayed only two days Cousin Jim feebly asked him to remain onger with him, but he wouldn't be per-

(The End.)

From the Milwauket Sentinel.

CATCHING A DEER BY THE TAIL. It Can Be Done, but It is Not Without Its Disadvantages.

The process of grabbing deer by the tail is full of difficulty, but it is not to be compared, in that respect, with hanging or after getting a grab on the tail. The deer is wary. The deer is fleet, and its tail is short, but, in spite of all difficulty, a man who is not 100 feet from me as I write caught a young deer by the tail a few days ago, and remained a sort of tail attach ment over windfall and slough and stump for a considerable distance.

The man was out in the forest on his big farm looking for wildcats with an especial eagerness on account of the bounty of \$6 a cat offered by the authorities. As he was wading up the creek with a pair of old shoes protecting his feet from the rocky bottom he espied a fawn at a lick. While he was looking at the little spotted beauty it lay down beside a log and the hunter resolved to get the little animal alive. He knew that if he could get hold of one or both of the fawn's hind legs he would suc

Luckily, the cows of the farm appeared at that moment, on the way to the creek for a drink, and the fawn, evidently a frequenter of the pasture, seemed to be un-concerned after a quick glance at the rows. Seizing the opportunity, the hunter, while the cows were coming and cracking branches and sticks, stole up to the log. A moment later the fawn passed directly in front of him, and the hunter made a quick thrust of his arms to catch the deer by the hind legs. He partly succeeded, but in the struggle that followed, with the staring cows and yearlings as spectators, the delicate limbs of the fawn began to slip out of the vise of the human hands, and somehow or other, in desperation, the man grabbed the fawn's tail.

hunter, who is a very strong man, held desperately to the tail. Down an old log-ging road they went a little way, and then the fawn turned in. It could not run very fast with a man attached to its tail, but the first quarter of a mile was done in good time nevertheless. About the beginning of the second the fawn went over a log and headed for a thicket. In spite of all, the little beauty reached the brush and plunged in. The hunter was scraped off and had the pleasure of seeing the fawn join its mother on the other side of the and dart off with her into the depths of the forest.

ADVENTURES OF TELEGRAPHERS A Newfoundland That Kept Watch-Value of Broiled Muskrat. Fron the New York Sun.

Telegraph operators have queer experiences at times, especially at the lonely railroad stations where travel is light. hours long and the work is done at night. An experience meeting of sailors, so far as the yarn spinning is concerned, is as mild compared to a telegraphers' social session as milk is to a tar's shore leave. Several knights of the key were sitting about a table down town after hours recently when the tongues began to wag about experiences Gil Bradley started "I was sent one night to sub on the

Texas and Pacific at a little station called Gordon," he said. "There was one hotel of four rooms a mile from the telegraph station, and two or three cabins about the same distance off. The regular opertor had his rooms over the station and freight house, where supplies were received for the coal mines several miles away. It was the loneliest place I ever struck, but I had to work. After fixing things I lay down on a bench to wait for the next freight. I suppose I dozed, for I jumped up with a start at feeling a cold wet nose shoved into my face. There was a big

Newfoundland dog wagging his tall as merrily as a buzz saw cuts through soft wood. Well, that dog ran first to the lighted lantern on the floor, then back to me, and then pretty soon I began to think something was wrong. Up I got and he led me all through the freight house, up to the operator's rooms, and back to the office, then calmiy went to sleep with one eve then calmly went to sleep with one eye open and one ear pricked up. I waited for the train, but before I heard it he began

te bark. "The next night the same performance. Well, after that I used to go to sleep, and for the week I was there that dog kept watch. You see, the regular was fond of sleep at night so he could play poker all day. I never told on him, but that was a well-trained dog."

"That's no experience," said Billy Marshall. "There was only half a thrill in that. Why, in 1888, during the blizzard, I was holding down a night job in New Jersey. It was the dreariest spot that a railroad official could pick out for a station. It was so quiet in the daytime that you could hear the sunlight gibt and at you could hear the sunlight glint and at hight the shadows fall. It was snowing when I went on at night and all trains were blocked, and by morning I was almost buried. My lunch was long ago gone, and I felt like grinding my teeth into some breakfast. Disport time come and I felt like grinding my teeth into some breakfast. Dinner time came and went, supper hour passed, and no relief arrived. I chewed on lead pencils and rubber bands until I felt like a girl bookkeeper. I pulled in my belt and nearly cut myself in two, but the old hunger was there just the same. So I tried to sleep, but there was no sleep in me with that gnawing at my stemach.

"All at once I saw three muskrats come "All at once I saw three muskrats come up through a hole in the floor. Muskrat was better than starvation, so I made for them with a poker, killed one, and the others got away to freeze to death. Skinning that fellow and dressing him didn't take long, and with wire I rigged a broiler. You bet your life the smell of that cooking rat was just great joy, and I'm no chink, either. It just tickled me so that I fell asleep and only woke up when he was fell asleep and only woke up when he was so burnt that the odor nearly choked me. "The snow plow came along soon, however, and when I got filled up rgain I was sort of glad I hadn't put down the old muskrat after all. He might not have agreed with me."

AS TO FERRY BOAT SUICIDES.

New Light From Wechawken Upon the Curious Ways of Women. From the New York Sun.

It is one thing to get an assignment to write a story. It is another thing to find a man who will tell a story that will be readable.

A Sun reporter had an assignment to interview some man at a ferry, and ask him hew many people he had seen jump from ferry boats into the river; how many were women and how many were men; how many more jumped in the afternoon than in the morning; how many more jumped in the evening; and why those who did jump always made the leap from the crowded end of the boat, where the chances of rescue were greater than they would be aft, where no one is present.

If Mr. Depew were a terryman he would

have had data at hand that would have made an interesting story. But your aver-age ferryman is not a Depew.

The reporter had to do the best he could with the material at hand. He went to a half dozen ferries and asked these questions, but the responses were not encouraging. The only one who showed a disposition to be accommodating was one who is on watch on the Weenawken line. A fel low of infinite jest, he does not know it.

"How many people have you seen jump from the ferries on this line?" he was "This year?" "Yes, this year will do as well as any." "Lemme see, I don't believe I've seen any jump this year."

'Well, last year." 'I wasn't here last year." "Where were you-if you were at any

ferry?"
"Fulton street." "How many did you see jump from Ful-ton street ferries?"
"Never saw any."

"Please state, from any ferries where you have worked, how many you ever saw

jump?"
"Well, I never counted 'em." "Did you ever see any?"
"Oh, yes. I've seen some. But, as I said,
I never counted 'em."

"Wimmen's more on the jump than men, as far as I can recollect. Are you inter-viewin' me for the papers?"

"Well, make it wimmen, then. I think ! have seen more wimmen jump than men. I come to think of it, and he didn't jump, nly tried to."
"Well, let that one go. Now about the

women. Do they jump mostly in the after-ncon, the morning or the evening." "Oh, you can't tell anything about that. to jump overboard. She is just as likely to in the middle of the day "From the forward end of the boat, gen-

erally? Generally, yes. Where the crowd is. They like to hear people holler, and get up

"Then you think it is for effect-that they do not really want to drown?"
"Sure. Why, we fished out a woman onct that had life preservers on her. Not on this line, though. I reckon somebody's been stringin' you. S'pose you think that most anybody'd ruther jump in the river thar to get off at Weehawken. But that ain't so. Weehawken ain't a bad town to live in when you're onct acquainted there Purty good society in Weehawken."

"How many women have you rescued, of those who have jumped overboard?" "Only that one I told you about."

"The others were lost?"
"Oh, I don't know. You never can tell Now, if a man jumps over and goes down, and you don't see him come up, the chance is that he's a goner. But a woman'll jump over, and stay under, and get her came and picter in the papers, and make a lot of trouble in the family, and get up mystery, and about the time the flowers is

"The rake off-the flowers and the emplains! blims of mournin', and the kiss and the make-up. Reckon you don't know much about wimmen. You'd better write up semethin' else. There ain't nothin' in this business you've been askin' about."

EXPENSIVE HORSE TRAPPINGS. Sets of Harness That Cost Many Thousands of Dollars.

From London Tid-Bits. "I have-not once, but many timesknown thousands of dollars to be spent on a single set of harness, and I may tell you that at least two orders given in Lon- ity. In a discussion of the subject a London--for a great part of the first-class harness of the world is made in England-in respect of the coronation of the czar of Russia came to quite \$10,000 each," said the

marager of one of the most fashionable harness makers in England. "There are few articles which admit of more luxurious mounting than harness, and from \$500 to \$3,000 is by no means an required.
"But there are several historical sets of

harness which have cost \$50,000 for the set. The former sum was paid for the whole trouble can be easily remedied by the use of properly frosted or colored glass globes. In any case, however, the actual permanent injury to the eye by the glow-loss and a year or two back. I was offered a portion, with two back. I was offered a portion, with gold work upon it, for a few pounds. "Lord Lonsdale—who has whips, histori-

cally interesting and magnificently mounted, alone in the value of some thousands of dollars-bought this same piece. But I could go on for a long time telling you of magnificent harness. I call to mind one specimen, given by a Russian to a French actress, which had precious stones as well as gold work upon it.

"Quite recently the khedive of Egypt placed a \$10,000 order for harness in London, chased gold buckles and gold em-broidered pad cloths being features in this my knowledge, both the late Maharajah Dhulcep Singh and the present gackwar of Bareda have paid much larger sums for similar articles made here.
"A portion of the czar's coronation har-

ness order was placed in England, and the many sets of harness cost thousands. Besides gold, morocco skins and jeweled coats of arms, a huge quantity of ostrich feath-ers was required, for each of 148 horses sported a splendid plume. Our ambassa-dor, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, ordered new harness, costing a very large sum, and the Italians placed a very large order here in connection with their representative's appearance at the coronation."

Struck In The Back

The Curious Accident Which Befell an Aged Lady.

From the Press, Utica, N. Y. Mrs. Nancy Lappeus, the widow of the late Mr. John Lappeus of Eden, Erie county, New York, and now residing with her son, Rev. Daniel P. Lappeus, the pastor of the Baptist Church of Brookfield, New York, is an old lady nearly seventy-seven years of age, well known in the locality where she now resides, and in Eric county, her husband having been one of the "forty-niners," or California pioneers. Several years ago she accidentally received an injury to her spine, which resulted in creeping paralysis or palsy of both hands and wrists, from which she has been cured. Her case being a remarkable one on account of her great age, Mrs. Lappeus' own statement of her cure is

given: "BROOKFIELD, New York, July 21, 1896. "My name is Nancy Lappens. I am nearly eventy-seven years old, and the widow of John

Lappeus, deceased, who died some three years ago at Eden, New York, since which time I have readed with my son, Rev. Daniel P. Lappeus, & clergyman of the Baptist Church, and living Low "About five years ago I was overtaken by a

curious accident, through some boys who were paying on the street with boxing gloves at Eden, New York. By some means, while going into the post office, I was struck in the back by one of the boys, the blow resulting so seriously that for months I was unable to lie down, but had to take my rest in a chair, and suffered great pain from injury to the spine. I was gradually affected by creeping palsy in both hands, which would become deadly white, beginning at the finger ends, the nails being blue, and the sense of touch or feeling n the affected parts suspended.

"The physicians, when these attacks appeared, would order me to immerse my hands in hot wa-ter, and this generally gave temporary relief, but he attacks became more frequent, and I knew if they were not stayed I should entirely lose the use of my hands, if not my arms. The doctors said they could do no more for me, but I determined not to leave any stone unturned that could afford me possible relief.

"At this time I learned through the newspapers some of the extraordinary cures that had been effected in all manner of diseases by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and with my husband's full consent I began to take them. Improvement began in my condition almost immediately, and in a few months all symptoms of the palsy left me, and have never returned since. I am a firm believer in the officacy of Pink Pills, and always shall be se

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfalling specific for such diseases as locomotor staxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexlons, all forms of weakness either in male or fe-male. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent poet paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

WORSE THAN INDIANS. An Old Pioneer's Estimate of the Prices of Modern City Life.

From the Buffalo Express "So you were a pioneer in the early days

of the west?" "I was," answered the graybeard. "You lived among the hostile Indians?"

"Yes." "Lived with a rifle in your hands and in hourly expectation of being the mark for a hidden enemy's bullet?"

"It was something like that." "Do you know, I often think that a life like that must be terrible. I should think the mere strain on the nerves would kill a man in a short time-holding your life in your hand all the time, always conscious

that a moment's relaxation of vigilance may mean death.' "Oh, I don't know," replied the gray-eard. "When I came from the west I was sixty years old and did not have a gray hair. I got off the railroad train and started to walk across the street. Half way over I heard the dingedest clanging and yelling right at my heels I ever heard and somebody gave me a push that sent me clear to the curb. Then, when I looked

arourd, I saw I'd come within an ace of being run over by a trolley. Never had so rarrow an escape from Indians "I went into a saloon close by to get a drink and settle my nerves. While I was standing at the bar a couple of fellows got into a scrap and one of them threw a heavy beer mug. Didn't hit the other fellow, but it came within a sixteenth of an

within a sixteenth of an inch of my right temple. "I started to walk up town and the firs crossing I came to a policeman grabbed me by the shoulder and jerked me across so quick it made my head swim. I looked to see what was the matter, for there were no car tracks on that street, and I saw I had just escaped being run down by a hackman hurrying to catch a train.
"Up-street a little further, somebody yelled 'Look out!" at me, and when I jumped a big icicle fell and struck where

I had been standing. "I got to my hotel and was heading for the door when somebody grabbed me and asked me if I wanted to be killed. They asked me if I wanted to be killed.
were hoisting a safe into a second-story
window over where I'd been trying to go
window over where than got out of the window over where I'd been trying to go and I hadn't more than got out of the way before a rope broke and it dropped. "I went to bed and about midnight I was called up by a bell ringing over my head and found the place was on fire, and I had to slide down a rope to escape. Being a sound sleeper, they'd had hard work to wake me, and I had barely touched the ground when the roof fell in

ground when the roof fell in.
"When I looked in the glass I saw the mystery, and about the time the howers is bought for the funeral she'll turn up all first streaks of gray that had ever showed themselves in my hair. Oh, there's dangers in civilized life as well as out on the

Electric Lights and the Eyes. From the American Journal of Photography.

The question of injury to the eyes from electric light is being prominently discussed by scientists, oculists and laymen throughout the country. While opinion widely differs as to the ultimate injury likely to result from the rapidly increasing use of electricity, the consensus of opinion is that light from uncovered or uncolored globes is working damage to the eyesight of humandon electric light journal, in defending its trade, feels called upon to make some important admissions. It says: "It is not customary to look at the sun, and not even the most enthusiastic electrician would sug-gest that naked arcs and incandescent filaments were objects to be gazed at without limit. But naked are lights are not usually placed so as to come within the line of uncommon price to pay for any sort of sight, and when they do accidentally, what ceremonial harness, where many sets are ever may result, the injury to the eye is ever may result, the injury to the eye is quite perceptible. The filament of a glowlamp, on the other hand, is most likely to meet the eye, but a frosted bulb is an extremely simple and common way of en-tirely getting over that difficulty. The

